The Brethren

By RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "She," "King Solomon's Mines," Etc.

Ceppright, 1901-1904, by Rider Haggard

(Continue lafrom Last Week)

Who taught your lips to say such ls. O sultan?" asked Godwin, "Is ven to you to read the future and decrees of God?"

should have said," answered Sal-"'Whom you will see no more if n able to keep you apart.' Can you plain who, both of you, have re-

ed to take her as a wife?" ere Rosamund looked up wonderand Wulf broke in:

Tell her the price. Tell her that she asked to wed either of us who ld bow the knee to Mohammed, and be the head of his harem, and I k that she will not blame us."

lever would I have spoken again him who answered otherwise," exmed Rosamund, and Saladin frownat the words. "Oh, my uncle," she nt on, "you have been kind to me raised me high, but I do not seek greatness, nor are your ways my ys, who am of a faith that you call ursed. Let me go, I beseech you, care of these my kinsmen."

and your lovers," said Saladin bit-"Niece, it cannot be. I love you but did I know even that your must pay the price of your som here, here you still should stay, ce, as my dream told me, on you g the lives of thousands, and I bee that dream. Oh, everything that empire can give is at your feet, but e you stay until the dream be acaplished."

Until the dream be accomplished?" Rosamund, catching at the words. hen, when it is accomplished, shall I

Aye," answered the sultan; "free to ne or to go, unless you attempt ese, for then you know your certain

It is a decree. Take note, my cousit is a decree, and you, Prince Hasremember it also. Oh, I pray, with my soul I pray, that it was no lyspirit who brought you that dream, uncle, though how I shall bring e, who hitherto have brought nothexcept war and bloodshed, I know Now go, my cousins; but, if you leave me Masouda, who has no er friends. Go, and take my love l blessing with you."

spoke Rosamund and threw her before her face that she might hide

then Godwin and Wulf stepped to re she stood by the throne of Salabent the knee before her, and, takher hand, kissed it in farewell, nor be sultan say them nay, but when was gone and the brethren were se he turned to the emir Hassan and the great imaum, who had sat slient this while, and said:

Now tell me, you who are old and e, which of those men does the lady e? Speak, Hassan, you who know

ut Hassan shook his head. "One the other. Both or neither. I know " he answered. "Her counsel is close for me."

hen Saladin turned to the imaumnning, silent man

When both the infidels are about to before her face, as I still hope to them do, we may learn the answer; unless she wills it, never before," replied, and the sultan noted his

ert morning, having been warned

they would pass there by Masou-Rosamund, watching through the te of one of her palace windows, the brethren go by. They were y armed and, mounted on their did chargers Flame and Smoke, ted glorious men as, followed by r escort of swarthy, turbaned mames, they rode proudly side by e, the sunlight glinting on their Il. Opposite to her house they haltawhile and, knowing that Rosaand watched, although they could not her, drew their swords and lifted in in salute. Then, sheathing them aln, they rode forward in silence and

were lost to sight. little did Rosamund guess how difent they would appear when they e met again. Indeed, she scarcely ed to hope that they would ever et for she knew well that even if ewar went in favor of the Christians would be hurried away to some where they would never find her. e knew well also that from Damass her rescue was impossible. The raggle between cross and exescent ould be fierce and to the death, and was sure that where was the closit fighting there in the midst of it

ould be found Godwin and Wulf.
Oh. she was great! Gold was hers, th gems more than she could count, ad few were the weeks that did not ag her added wealth or gifts. She ad palaces to dwell in-alone; gardens wander in-alone; eunuchs and

slaves to rule over-alone. But never a friend had she save the woman of the assassins, to whom she clung because she, Masouda, had saved her from Sinan, and who clung to her, why Rosamund could not be sure, for there was a veil between their spirits,

They were gone; they were gone! Rosamund bowed her head and wept; then, hearing a sound behind her, turned to see that Masouda was weeping

"Why do you weep?" she asked. "The maid should copy her mistress," answered Masouda, with a hard laugh; "but, lady, why do you weep? At least you are beloved, and, come what may nothing can take that from you."

A thought rose in Rosamund's minda new and terrible thought. The eye of the two women met, and those of Rosamund asked "Which?" anxiously



Masouda with her forefinger wrote a sin gle Arabic letter.

as once in the moonlight she had asked it with her voice from the gate above the narrow way. Between them stood a table inlaid with ivory and pearl, whereon the dust from the street had gathered through the open lattice. Masouda leaned over and with her forefinger wrote a single Arabic letter in the dust upon the table, then passed her hand across it.

Rosamund's breast heaved twice or thrice and was still. Then she asked;

"Why did not you, who are free, go with him?"

"Because he prayed me to bide here and watch over the lady whom he loved. So to the death I watch,"

CHAPTER XVIII.

ANY a day had gone by since the brethren bade farewell to Rosamund at Damascus. Now, one burning July night. they sat upon their horses, the moonlight gleaming on their mail. Still as statues they sat, looking out from a rocky mountain top across that gray and arid plain which stretches from near Nazareth to the lip of the hills at whose foot lies Tiberlas, on the sea or Galilee. Beneath them. around the fountain of Seffuriel, were spread the hosts of the Franks to which they did sentinel; 1,300 knights, 20,000 foot and hordes of Turcopoles-that is, natives of the country, armed after the fashion of the Saracens.

Tomorrow they were to advance, so rumor said, across youder desert plain and give battle to Saladin, who lay with all his power by Hattin, above Tiberias. Godwin and his brother thought that it was a madness, for they had seen the might of the Saracens and ridden across that thirsty plain beneath the summer sun. Godwin's heart was troubled, and fear took hold of him, not for himself, but for all the countless army that lay asleep yonder, and for the cause of Christendom.

"I go to watch yonder. Bide you here," he said to Wulf, and, turning the head of Flame, rode some sixty yards over a shoulder of the rock to the farther edge of the mountain which looked toward the north. Dismounting, and bidding the horse stand, which it would do like a dog, he walked forward a few steps to where there was a rock, and, kneeling down, began to pray.

It seemed to Godwin that a sleep fell on him-at least his mind grew clouded and confused. Then it cleared again, slowly, as stirred water clears, till it was bright and still. Like curtains the veils were lifted from his eyes, and as they swung aside he saw farther and yet farther.

He saw the king of the Franks in his tent beneath, and about him the council of his captains, among them the flerce eyed master of the Templars and Count Raymond of Tripoli, the lord of Tiberias. They were reasoning together till presently, in a rage, the master of the Templars drew his sword and dashed it down upon the table.

Another veil was lifted, and, lo, he saw the camp of Saladin, the mighty, endless camp, with its 10,000 tents. He saw the royal pavilion, and in it the sultan walked alone. He was lost in thought, and Godwin read his thought.

It was: "Behind me the Jordan and the sea of Galilee, into which, if my flanks were turned, I should be driven, I and all my host. In front the territories of the Franks, where I have no friend, and by Nazareth their great all eternity." army. Allah alone can help me. If

they sit still and force me to advance across the desert and attack them before my army melts away, then I am lost. If they advance upon me round the mountain Tabor and by the watered land, I may be lost. But if-oh, if Allah should make them mad, and they should strike straight across the desert, then-then they are lost, and the reign of the cross in Syria is forever at an end."

Look! Near to the pavilion of Salagin stood another tent, closely guarded, and in it on a cushioned bed lay two women. One was Rosamund, and the other was Masouda.

The last veil was withdrawn, and now Godwin saw a sight at which his soul shirered. A fire-blackened plain and above it a frowning mountain, an l that mountain thick, thick with dead, thousands and thousands and thousands of dead, among which the hyenas wandered and the night birds screamed,. He could see their faces; many of them he knew again as those of living men whom he had met in Jerusalem and elsewhere or had noted with the army.

Godwin awoke from his dream trembling, mounted his horse and rode back to Wulf.

"Tell me," asked Godwin, "how long is it since I left you?"

"Some few minutes - ten perhaps." answered his brother.

"A short while to have seen so much," replied Godwin. Then he told him all and at the end asked him, 'What think you?"

Wulf considered awhile and answer-

eds "Well, brother, you have touched no wine today, so you are not drunk, and you have done nothing foolish, so you are not mad. Therefore it would seem that the saints have been talking to you. Our watch is ended, for I hear the horses of the knights who come to relieve us. Listen. This is my counsel: In the camp yonder is our friend with whom we traveled from Jerusalem, Febert, the bishop of Nazareth, who marches with the host. Let us go to him and lay this matter before him, for he is a holy man and learned."

Godwin nodded in assent, and presently, when the other knights were come and they had made their report to them, they rode off together to the tent of Egbert.

Egbert was an Englishman who had spent more than thirty years of his life in the east, whereof the suns had tanned his wrinkled face to the hue of bronze that seemed the darker in contrast with his blue eyes and snow white hair and beard. Entering the lent, they found him at his prayers. Presently he rose and asked them what they needed.

"Your counsel, holy father," answered Wulf.

So, having seen that the tent flap was closed and that none lingered near, Godwin told him his dream.

The old man listened patiently, nor did he seem surprised at this strange story, since in those days men saw, or thought they saw, many such visions.

When he had finished Godwin asked of him as he had asked of Wulf; What think you, holy father? Is this a dream or is it a message?"

"Godwin D'Arcy," he answered, "I have learned to know you as a true servant of the church. It well may be that to such a one as you foresight has been given, that through you those who rule us may be warned and all Christendom saved from great sorrow and disgrace. Come, let us go to the k'ng and tell this story, for he still sits in council yonder."

So they went out together and rode to the royal tent. Here the bishop was admitted, leaving them without. Presently he returned for them.

Already it was near midnight, but still the great pavilion was crowded with barons and chief captains. At the head of the table sat the king, Guy of Lusignan, a weak faced man, clad in splendid armor. On his right was the white haired Count Raymond of Tripoli and on his left the black bearded, frowning master of the Templars, clad in his white mantle, on the left breast of which the red cross was blazoned. Words had been running high, their faces showed it, but just then a silence reigned. The king looked up and, seeing the bishop, asked peevishly:

'What is it now? Oh, I remember; some tale from those tall twin knights.

Well, bring them forward." So the three of them came forward, and at Godwin's prayer the bishop Egbert told of the vision that had come to him not more than an hour ago while he kept watch upon the mountain top. At first one or two of the barons seemed disposed to laugh, but when they looked at Godwin's high and spiritual face their laughter died away. Indeed, as the tale of the rocky hill and the dead who were stretched upon it went on they grew white with fear, and whitest

of them all was the king. "Is all this true, Sir Godwin?" he asked when the bishop had finished. "It is true, my lord king," answered

Godwin. "His word is not enough," broke in the master of the Templars. "Let him swear to it on the holy rood, knowing that if he lies it will blast his soul to

Now there was an annex to the tent,

rudely furnished as a chapel, and at the end of this annex a tall, veiled object. Rufinus, the bishop of Acre, who was clad in the armor of a knight, went to the object, and, drawing the veil, revealed a broken, blackened cross, set around with jewels, that stood about the height of a man above the ground, for all the lower part was

At the sight of it Godwin and every man present there fell upon his knees. for since St. Helena found it, over seven centuries before, this had been accounted the most precious relic in all Christendom-the very wood upon which the Saviour suffered, as, indeed. it may have been.

"Now," broke in the voice of the master of the Templars, "let Sir Godwin D'Arcy swear to the truth of his tale upon this rood."

Rising from his knees Godwin advanced to the cross, and, laying his hand upon the wood, said:

"Upon this very rood I swear that not much more than an hour ago I saw the vision which has been told to the king's highness and to all."

The bishop drew back the covering over the cross, and in silence the council took their seats again about the table. Now the king was very pale and fearful; indeed, a gloom lay upon all of them,

"It would seem," he said, "that here a messenger has been sent to us from heaven. Dare we disobey his mes-

The Grand Templar lifted his rugged, frowning face.

"A messenger from heaven, said you. king? To me he seems more like a messenger from Saladin. Tell us, Sir Godwin, were not you and your broth-

er once the sultan's guests at Da-

mascus, and were you not officers of the sultan's bodyguard?" Now all looked intently at Godwin, who hesitated a little, foreseeing how his answer would be read, whereon Wulf spoke in his loud voice:

'Aye, we acted as such for awhile and-doubtless you have heard the story-saved Saladin's life when he was attacked by the assassins."

"Oh," said the Templar, with bitter sarcasm, "you saved Saladin's life, did you? I can well believe it. Now, Sir Knights, answer me one more question"-

"Sir Templar, with my tongue or with my sword?" broke in Wulf, but the king held ap his hand and bade him be silent.

"A truce to your tavern ruffling. young sir, and answer," went on the Templar. "Or, rather, do you answer, Sir Godwin. Is your cousin, Rosamund, the daughter of Sir Andrew D'Arcy, a niece of Saladin, and has she been created by him Princess of Baalbec, and is she at this moment in his city of Damascus?"

"She is his niece," answered Godwin quietly. "She is the Princess of Baalbec, but at this moment she is not in Damascus.

"How do you know that, Str God-"I know it because in the vision of

which you have been told I saw her sleeping in a tent in the camp of Saladin." Now the council began to laugh, but

Godwin, with a set, white face, went "Aye, my lord Templar, and near that

very blazoned tent I saw scores of the Templars and of the Hospitalers lying dead. Remember it when the dreadful hour comes." Now the laughter died away, and a

murmur of fear ran round the board. Only the Templar, who feared neither man nor spirit, laughed and gave him the lie with his eyes. . "You do not believe me," said God-

win, "nor will you believe me when I say that while I was on guard on yonder hilltop I saw you wrangling with the Count of Tripoll-aye, and draw your sword and dash it down in front of him upon this very table."

Now again the council stared and muttered, for they, too, had seen this thing, but the master answered:

"He may have learned it otherwise than from an angel. Folk have been in and out of this tent. My lord king, have we more time to waste upon these visions? Were the times different I would inform against Sir Godwin D'Arcy as a sorcerer and one who has been in traitorous communication with

our common foe." "And I would thrust the lie down your throat with my sword's point!" shouted Wulf.

But Godwin only shrugged his shoulders and said nothing, and the master went on, taking no heed: "King, we await your word, and it

must be spoken soon, for in four hours it will be dawn. Do we march against Saladin like bold, Christian men, or do we bide here like cowards?"

Then there arose a tumult through which every man shouted to his fellow, some saying one thing and some another, while the king sat at the head of the board, his face hidden in his hands. Presently he lifted it and said:

"I command that we march at dawn," Now followed a great silence, for all were lost in their own thoughts. One by one they rose, bowed to the king and left the tent to give commands and rest awhile before it was time to ride. Godwin and Wulf went also, and with them the bishop of Nazareth.

When they had slept awhile Godwin and Wulf rose and fed their horses, After they had washed and groomed them they tested and did on their armor, then took them down to the spring to drink their fill, as their masters did. Also Wulf, who was cunning in war, brought with him four large wineskins which he had provided against this hour, and, filling them with pure water, fastened two of them with thongs behind the saddle of Godwin and two behind his own. Further, he filled the water bottles at their saddlebows, saying:

"At least we will be among the last to die of thirst."



"Upon this very rood I swear."

Then they went back and watched the host break its camp, which it did with no light heart, for many of them knew of the danger in which they stood; moreover, the tale of Godwin's vision had been spread abroad. Not knowing where to go, they and Egbert, the bishop of Nazareth, stood on one side and bowed themselves as the cross went by guarded by the mailed bishop of Acre. Then came Reginald of Chatilion, Saladin's enemy, the cause of all this woe, who saw them and cried:

"Sir Knights, whatever they may say, I know you for brave men, for I have heard the tale of your doings among the assassins. There is room for you among my suit-follow me."

"As well him as another," said Godwin. "Let us go where we are led."

So they followed him.

By the time that the army reached Kenna, where once the water was made wine, the July sun was already hot, and the spring was so soon drunk dry that many men could get no water. On they pushed into the desert lands below, which lay between them and Tiberias and were bordered on the left and right by hills. Now clouds of dust were seen moving across the plains and in the heart of them bodies of Saracen horsemen, which continually attacked the vanguard under Count Raymond and as continually retreated before they could be crushed, slaying many with their spears and arrows. Also these came round behind them and charged the rear guard, where marched the Templars and the light armed troops named Turcopoles and the band of Reginald de Chatillon, with which rode the brethren.

From noon till near sundown the long harassed line, broken now into fragments, struggled forward across the rough, stony plain, the burning heat beating upon their armor till the air danced about it as it does before a fire. Toward evening men and horses became exhausted, and the soldiers cried to their captains to lead them to water. But in that place there was no water.

The rear guard fell behind, worn out with constant attacks that must be repelled in the burning heat, so that there was a great gap between it and the king, who marched in the center. Messages reached them to push on, but they could not, and at length camp was pitched in the desert near a place called Marescalcia, and upon this camp Raymond and his vanguard were forced back. As Godwin and Wulf rode up they saw him come in, bringing his wounded with him, and heard him pray the king to push on and at all bazards to cut his way through to the lake, where they might drink-aye, and heard the king say that he could not, since the soldiers would march no more that day. Then Raymond wrung his hands in despair and rode back to his men, crying aloud:

"Alas! Alas! O Lord God, alas! We are dead, and thy kingdom is lost!"

(To be Continued)

A Menace to Health.

Kidney trouble is an insidious danger, and many people are victims of a serious malady before the symptoms are recogized. Foley's Kidney Cure corrects irregularities and strengthens and builds up the kidneys, and it should be taken at the first indication of kidney trouble, as it is impossible to have good health if the kidneys are deranged. Sold by Ed Greene.